

The REPUBLICAN
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THE HARTFORD REPUBLICAN.

JO. B. ROGERS, Publisher.

VOL. VI.

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE PARTY IN THE FOURTH CONGRESSIONAL DISTRICT.

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NO. 19.

HARTFORD, KY., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1893.

**RIDE A COWHORSE, TO
ST. LOUIS OF COURSE, TO GET,
SOME PURE CLAIRETTE
SOAP WHICH IS BOSS.
ITS MERITS FOR CLEANING
AND WASHING THE CLOTHES,
ASSURE IT A WELCOME
WHEREVER IT GOES.**

**FAIRBANK'S
CLAIRETTE SOAP**
IS THE BEST FOR EVERY HOUSEHOLD USE.
ALL GROCERS KEEP IT.
MADE ONLY BY
N.K. FAIRBANK & CO.
ST. LOUIS.



A VITAL CLEW.

"My life hangs on that scrap of paper! If it cannot be found, Edith, it is impossible to prove my innocence. The facts are dead against me."

"Gilbert, I am so confident that you are innocent and all that you have said is true that I will not rest until the paper is found."

He took her in his arms and impressed a passionate kiss on her brow.

Gilbert Stanton was under arrest on suspicion of having caused the death of Raymond Wild.

The facts of the case were, as he said, "dead against him."

Stanton lived in chambers in White's Inn and was reading for the bar. Wild, who justified his name, was an old college acquaintance, who had attempted several things in life and failed in all.

Gilbert had not seen him for several years, when Wild suddenly turned up at his chambers and announced that he was "stone broke."

The man had no claim whatever on Gilbert Stanton, who told him so and also gave him the benefit of some candid opinions as to his past career. Raymond Wild was a noted and high-winded scoundrel. The quarrel was at its height when Mrs. Morton, Gilbert's old landlady, who had been completing her morning duties in another room, closed the door of the chambers and passed out.

Shortly afterward the temper of the two men cooled. Wild apologized for some offensive remarks he had made, and they shook hands. Gilbert now promised to do his best to help his old acquaintance and invited Wild to remain a playing-just like that with a bit of paper, which she runs away with and leaves on the floor."

"Yes," said Edith, in breathless eagerness.

"Well, paper about the stairs looks so much like this, so I picked it up—"

"What did you do with it?"

"I threw it in the pall with the other rubbish."

For the second time the contents of the pall were examined by the landlady and carefully examined. It was absolutely certain that the paper was not there.

"Are you positive that you put the paper in the pall?" asked Edith.

"I'll take my day on it, miss. And it was just such a scrap of writing as you say."

Edith sent the laundress home, shut herself in the solitary chambers and combed her hair afresh.

It was late in the evening when she ceased her fruitless search.

Next morning she returned to her hopeless task. Mrs. Morton had been relieved from further attendance, and was walking up and down the chambers in thought when there came a knock at the door. It was the landlady herself.

"I know where that bit of paper is, miss! I remember that, when the police were here that morning, I stepped into the bedroom to hear what they had to say."

"One of 'em says to me, impudently, 'Well, what do you want, old lady? I see that you wanted the bedroom candlestick!'"

"Yes," interrupted Edith, "but where is the paper?"

"I'm just coming to that, miss. I stay a bit in the kitchen—just to see if I might have use, you understand—and while I was waiting, I put a new candle in the candlestick. Then 'nines' is rather small for the candlestick, so I take a bit of paper out of the pall to make it fit. Come into the bedroom, miss—why it's gone!"

"Good heavens!" cried Edith. "Do you mean to say that the paper round that candle was the missing document?"

"That's my belief, miss. Where is it gone?"

"I was late last night, and I burned the candle very low—and the paper fell!"

"And it burned out, miss?"

"Only slightly, I remember. I blow it out, threw the paper away, and put in a new candle that I removed from the piano. What did I do with the paper? Oh, I remember, I threw it under the grate. You'll find it there. Thank heaven, we have found it at last! Gilbert is saved!"

"There is nothing here, miss," said the woman on her knees. "The grate is empty."

It was true, and the shock was terrible to Edith. She faints in the arms of the red landlady.

"Mrs. Morton, however, soon restored her to consciousness.

"You can take my word for it," she said, "that paper's bewitched."

"I don't care whether it is bewitched or not," said Edith. "I mean to find it. Fetch me that magnifying glass from the table in the next room."

Edith removed the fender and carefully examined the dust that Mrs. Morton had not overscrupulous cleanliness had allowed to accumulate.

"I thought as much," said she. "Miles! They have been at it by the candle-glass, and have dragged the paper to their hole. Every moment now is valuable, or it will be all destroyed."

They searched round about everywhere, but no trace could be found. Edith then directed the woman to mix a quantity of whiting which she placed in a large flat dish on the floor in the middle of the room. In the dish was laid a small saucer, and in that a piece of toasted cheese. They then left the chamber for several hours. When they returned, there was a track of little white footprints across the room that led to a little hole above the narrow sliding board, hidden by a loose piece of the wall paper. A man was called in, and after breaking down some of the plaster and taking up a corner of the flooring the coveted scrap of paper was at last secured.

The confession was of course in part destroyed, and he had never seen it afterward. The most diligent search had failed to discover it.

"Now, Mrs. Morton," said Edith as they stood along the chambers, "this is a matter of life and death. That piece of paper must be found."

"Yes, miss," was the laundress comprehend.

"First of all, you must please answer very carefully some questions I shall put to you. Did you that day destroy any paper?"

"No, miss."

"Have you destroyed or removed any since?"

"Not a scrap, miss. You see there ain't no fire this time o' the year, and the little cooking I do is all done on the gas stove."

"What do you do with your waste

paper and rubbish?"

"What little there is I takes down in a pail once a week, or more often if I finds it necessary."

"And has the pail been down since that day?"

"No, miss."

"Then the paper must be here somewhere, unless it was deliberately stolen, which I cannot believe. We will begin our search, and take the sitting room first."

"Everything was being turned upside down and inside out, when Edith suddenly stopped."

"Do you remember whether the windows were open or shut that day?" she asked.

"Yes, miss. Mr. Stanton always used to have 'em windows open."

"Well, just open them as they would be, if he were here."

The woman did as she was bid. Edith then placed a piece of paper on the table where Gilbert had laid the laid the confession, the door leading into the bedroom and the entrance door having first been opened. There was a considerable draft, and the paper trembled on the table.

"Perhaps there was more air on that day," said Edith. "I will substitute a lighter piece of paper."

This she did and almost immediately it was caught by a current, and floated across the room. As it fell on the floor they were both startled to see a little kitten spring from the open doorway and pounce upon the paper, rolling over and over with it in her teeth.

"What! What! What!" exclaimed Edith, catching the kitten in her arms. "Oh, Kitty! Oh, Kitty! How little you know the terrible mischief you have done!"

Her eyes were full of tears, and she was pale and trembling with apprehension.

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"Well, just open them as they would be, if he were here."

Gilbert and Edith are now married, and Stanton insists that he owes his life to the persistent and intelligent manner in which his wife followed up that vital and ingesting clew.—London Tit-Bits.

Firing the Heater.

"Henry," said Mrs. Rattles to her

husband, as they got up from the dinner table, "I wish you would run around and ask the man to come and fix our heater."

"What's the matter with it?" inquired Henry.

"I don't know," replied Mrs. Rattles.

"But it won't work."

"Well, I'll just take it myself," said Henry.

"Do you remember whether the windows were open or shut that day?" she asked.

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Hartford Republican

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING.

JO. B. ROGERS, - Editor and Proprietor

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1893.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

FOR ASSESSOR.
WE ARE AUTHORIZED TO ANNOUNCE
DEE L. MILLER

As a candidate for Assessor of Ohio county, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

CONGRESS CONVENED Monday at 12 o'clock.

PRENDERGAST, the slayer of May or Harrison, is being tried in Chicago.

THE types made us speak of the teachers of the County, last week as a "corpse." Now, they are not a corpse in any sense of the word, or if so they are a mighty "lively corpse."

In the mining districts of Michigan over 12,000 people, who are out of employment, are suffering from hunger and cold. The Governor has been asked for aid. Last year the people were self-sustaining.

J. J. VAN ALLEN, bought the appointment of Ambassador to Italy by contributing \$50,000 to the Cleveland campaign, has resigned the appointment, after receiving the just condemnation of all good people.

THE ANNUAL report of the Commissioner of Pensions shows that there are 966,012 pensioners upon the rolls; among them seventeen widows and daughters of Revolutionary soldiers. The total amount distributed last year was \$156,740,467.14.

THE recent session of the Hartford Teachers' Association at Reaver Dam, was distinguished as the beginning of the work of the Reading Circle in connection with the Association work. This first meeting proved very interesting and the project bids fair to win favor with our teachers. There has been too much sameness in the exercises of such bodies heretofore, and this innovation will greatly revive interest among the teachers. Other Associations should try the plan.

IT has never been our good fortune to attend a more interesting and profitable Teachers' Association than the last meeting of the Rosine Teachers. Nearly all the parts assigned were prepared and well rendered. The teachers were alive and ready to enter into their work with the true spirit. Every teacher in the District, but two were in attendance, and this in a very great measure served to create a lively interest. The next meeting occurs Friday, December 15th, and every teacher should be present. See program elsewhere in this issue.

THAT there are yet a few educational fossils who see no good in Teachers' Institutes and Teachers' Associations is quite true, but a kind Providence is rapidly thinning their ranks. The Institute has come to be recognized among thinking people as a necessity, and the same is fast coming to be thought of the Teachers' Associations. Now, the law very wisely grants to the teachers the time, while attending the Institute, provided the session falls during the school. It is equally important that the teachers attend the Associations during the session of the school and it is but just that they be allowed their time. The Rosine Teachers' Association meets next time on Friday instead of Saturday as heretofore. This is a good move. The schools in that Magisterial District should be dismissed that day and the teacher not being required to teach will feel a deeper interest and a stronger obligation, not only to attend but to strive to make the meeting a success. Let the teachers attend and take their pupils and patrons with them. The Teachers' Association is a powerful educational factor if properly conducted and this new departure will only increase its usefulness if the teachers make the proper effort. Other Associations would do well to give the Friday meeting a trial.

WASHINGTON.

The Cleveland tariff bill has been before the public four days and the most careful study fails to find one single redeeming feature therein. It would, if enacted a law, turn over the cream of the American markets, the finest in the world, to European manufacturers and Canadian farmers, and all it offers Americans in exchange therefor are glittering promises of an increase in the foreign trade of the United States, promises which are not believed in even by those who have made them. It is admitted that free wool would put an end to the protection of wool in this country and that free iron ore and coal will cause foreign coal and iron ore to be used exclusively in the neighborhood of every Atlantic seaport and that American iron ore and coal will be used nowhere except in places so far in the interior that the freight rates will allow them to compete with foreign products.

These are only specimens of the manner in which American industries have been treated by this bill. The same holds good throughout the bill. There is hardly a single industry of any consequence in the United States that is not struck at in some way. And as if that were not evil enough contained in a single bill, this one changes the method of im-

DO YOU KNOW

That Susie B. and Mattie L. are chums?
That Bert and Jennie are good friends?
That Wu. Fair has quit going with the girls?
That a certain girl says her heart is broken?
That Jim Williams is getting better looking?
That Mattie L. and Jim S. have played quits?

That Tom Slack and F. W. have up a case?
Why Lee Stevens didn't go to the oyster supper?

That G. W. Keele is struck on a girl in school?

That Prof. Alexander is proud of his spelling class?

That Ab Yeiser wants to go into the shoe business?

That Henry Osborne tries ever so hard to look pretty?

That Ab Yeiser thinks he is the smartest boy in town?

That John Will Faith never goes with any of the girls?

That all the girls in school are struck on Jim Williams?

Why some of the girls don't get struck on C. J. Dunn?

That J. C. Miller uses a 50 cent bottle of perfume a week?

That Henry Osborne and Owen Thomas are great chums?

That Bat Nall makes frequent trips to the Water Mill?

That a certain school girl has a cute way of saying "I guess?"

That a certain girl says a Center-ton boy is her "best liked?"

That Henry Carson says any girl who wants to marry can get him?

That Jesse Bean and Willie Moore are the coming young men of town?

That the wedding will take place December 20th I have been predicting?

Where John Vaught left his girl when he fell off the stepping stones?

That you ought to hear Mose Hudson tell his experience with the bear?

That Henry Osborne uses a box of blacking every time he shines his shoes?

That a certain society boy asked me not to use his name in this column any more?

That one of Hartford's little maidens says she likes Mr. O. M. Felix pretty well?

That C. J. Dunn thought he was going to strike something right a few days ago?

That David Howerton said he wished someone would write him up in this column?

That H. Pruden went home with a blue-eyed girl from the party last Friday night?

That W. H. Burton has started a dog show and now gives free exhibitions on the street corners?

That Anos Carson says there are only two houses in the United States that manufacture bananas?

That Dr. Alexander's moustache looks like an old broom-sage field that was burned while it was wet?

That Tom Morton has been looking at a catalogue for three weeks, preparatory to buying a diamond ring?

That a certain boy said the contest girl at the party last Friday night was the girl who did the singing?

That the prettiest girl in school has large blue eyes, long hair and fair complexion, and is a member of Prof. O. M. Shultz's History and Geography classes?

LEITCHFIELD.

That Tom Hunter is learning the Millinery business.

That the Rev. W. M. Waltrip is still confined to his bed?

That J. H. Nichols is on the sick list?

That John Waltrip took Hardin Coppage to jail (?) the other evening?

That there was a petition circulated in this School District to put whisky out of her limits and it will have to go the 10th of next April?

That Leitchfield will soon be the home of a good Republican paper?

That THE REPUBLICAN gets better every issue?

That Baily Tilford thinks he is a dud?

That "Katie Did" would make a good editor?

That George A. Cubbage is on the sick list?

That C. J. Yeager is the most popular man in town?

That Leitchfield has the best paved streets of any town its size in the State?

That the Mayor of Leitchfield thought of resigning when Mayor Harrison, of Chicago, was murdered?

CONCORD.

That John Allen was all smiles Friday night?

That Al Gray likes the color of black?

That Porter McDowell wishes he was young?

That R. H. likes cabbage?

That Inez likes honey-combs?

That K. C. is partial to Gray?

That Alva Carter is looking sad?

That F. C. likes the name of John?

That Jimmie Carter likes old maid?

That K. C. wishes a certain girl was dead?

That Dr. String visits school quite often?

That John Dodson thinks he is handsome?

That Robert Pirtle likes to go down

DO YOU KNOW

the Beaver Dam road?

That Robert Pirtle still hangs to his straw hat?

That Toney McDowell looked sad Friday night?

Why Inez likes to go to Teakettle Hollow?

That James and Henry Allen are still good friends?

That Robert Hagerman has shaved his mustache off?

MT. MORIAH.

That tobacco is selling in this neighborhood for seven, seven and two

That farmers are almost through gathering corn and report a good crop?

That schools through this section are progressing very nicely?

That we have several new Schoolhouses near here and all of them furnished with patent furniture?

That Miss Luisa Hickey, George Hickey and Morgan Ashby visited our school last week?

That Roland Hamilton stands at the head of the first division of the school in spelling, and that it is a tie between Annie Hickey and John Hamilton in the second division?

Why the boys don't clear off a larger play ground?

That Dan Mitchell made a flying trip to Daviess last week?

That Rev. B. F. Jenkins will begin a series of meetings at Bell's Run next Sunday?

That Thomas Hickey and wife are visiting in Fordsville this week?

That Joel Elmire and wife spent a few days last week in Fordsville.

FORDSVILLE.

The people of Fordsville like this paper?

There was a wedding near here this week?

That John Jones went to Horton Sunday?

That the people of this place were surprised to see Bill Miller at a certain place Sunday as he seldom goes there?

That Kelly Taber is not as brave as Daniel-he is afraid to venture into the Lyons' den?

That Emma T. and B. H. have made friends?

That Ed has heart trouble, and he thinks there is a physician in Louisville that can cure him?

That a certain girl near here is struck on a Panther Creek minor?

That the girls are wearing their best smiles now that Mae Smith has set out?

That Lon Johnson says it makes a fellow grow to spark the girls?

That Ed Quisenberry made a "mash" while attending the protracted meeting at Panther Creek?

That Fordsville is going to be the leading town in Western Kentucky, when the new county is made?

That we wish THE REPUBLICAN success?

DEANFIELD.

That Chris Green has a new knife?

That Will Miller likes pig feet?

That Wm. Hardin has taken a fresh chew of tobacco for this week?

That Ed Jager and his bank mule do not exactly agree?

That Ernest Hicks is learning to turn hand springs?

That Jake Swearns can hit the side of a house?

That you ought to have seen Jeff Parson Thinks giving?

That if you wish to see a circus drop around to the depot at train time?

That Ernest Hicks can sleep fifteen hours and eat nine out of every twenty-five?

That G. W. Kelley keeps a circus in his stable?

That D. S. Miller's pipe speaks for itself?

That F. W. and A. G. are afraid of the moaning of the wind?

That Robert Ragland likes auburn hair?

That G. P. has a new beau?

That Cap Colbert is mad because his name is not spelled correctly?

That Ernest Hicks is our windy man?

That Anderson Mercer is President of the Attnaville Literary Society?

That Marion Haynes broke the ice when he fell out of the cart?

That Charlie Louis' head goes too fast for his feet?

That Dink Pierson never smiles any more?

That John Thornting's month had been any larger he would have swallowed his ears?

That the reason James Snyder is so short, so much of him is turned down at the feet?

That John Curtis' mouth looks like a sink hole?

That Robert Nelson never calls until after eight?

That June Harrison loves a Lame (Ahem)?

DEANFIELD.

Dr. Ed Ford, of Fordsville, is in town.

John Thornting and wife are visiting at Roseville.

Miss Sue Phillips is very sick of typhoid fever.

A very successful meeting is being conducted at Roseville by Revs. Coleman and Birch.

Miss Eva Pirtle took advantage of Thanksgiving by visiting her parents near Hartford.

Misses Florence Wright and Emma Kelley visited Whitesville last week.

Allie Coppage, of Fordsville, spent Thanksgiving in this place. He did not tell his business, but it is under-

stood that a certain young lady knows why he came.

Mrs. Ellis and her very attractive daughter, Miss Jessie, were the guests of Mrs. G. W. Kelley Saturday.

Mr. Henry Vogle, a former resident of this place, but who has been living in Owens

GORGEOUS!

IS THE ONLY WORD THAT CAN EXPRESS

FAIR BROS. & CO'S

IMMENSE DISPLAY OF

TOYS AND FANCY GOODS!

Toys of every description and of every Nation may be found there. Dolls, French Dolls, English Dolls, Doll heads, Dressed Dolls, Doll Carriages, Wagons, Chairs, Stools, Bedsteads, Cradles, Folding Beds, Drums, Horus, Taboos, Bureaus, Washstands, Writing Desks, Ocean Steamers, Sail Boats, Steam Yachts, Guns, Swords, Tree Ornaments, Paint Boxes, Rubber Balls, Celluloid Balls, Magic Lanterns, Tin Toys of all kinds, including Horses, Lions, Elephants, Sheep, Roosters, Deer, Goats, Stables full of Horses and Vehicles. Noah's Ark, Ten-Pine Hobby Horses, Drays, Carts, Trucks, Doll Sofas, Dog Carts, Tin Stoves, Tin Kitchens, Utensils, Britannia Dishes, China Dishes in Dinner and Tea Sets, Vases, Carlton China, Gold and Silver Bronze Lamps and Pitchers, Mirrors, Inkstands, Toilet Sets, Manicure Sets, Glove and Handkerchief Boxes, Cloth-bound Books, Albums, Linen Books, Pasteboard Back Books, all the New Games, including Checkers, Robin Hood, Alphabet Game, Kubla or World's Fair Game, Puzzles, Blocks, and every other Toy that could gratify a child's wish.

Clothing Department.

We are prepared to show you the best Clothing in Ohio county. Can show you a line of all Wool Suits from \$5 to \$15. Elegant line of Overcoats at prices to suit the times.

BOOTS and SHOES.

We are again in the lead with this line. Come to us for goods that will wear you through the entire winter.

Cloak Department.

We have received a new line at Manufacture's cost, which we propose to sell at their price from now until January 1. Handsome Black Cloaks trimmed in fur \$5.00. Very Fine Cloaks in brown, tan and gray, with and without collar, only \$5.00. Extra value in Ladies Black and Blue Cloaks, worth \$10.00; our price, \$7.50. Very fine Tan Cloaks \$8.00, worth 10.00. They must go for we surely did not buy them to keep. We have also a line of Ladies Cloth for Capes. The very thing you want. For big bargains in the above line, see us without fail.

We have only space to mention a few of our many Xmas Novelties. If you will visit us we will guarantee to show you the largest and best selected stock of Novelties in Ohio county. Although it's early yet, but these goods are moving rapidly, so join the procession and come to see us. Wishing in advance each of our customers a merry Xmas and prosperity in the year 1894.

We remain yours truly,
FAIR BROS. & CO.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1893.

W. H. WILLIAMS LEADS.
Charley Godshaw, Owensesboro, was in town Monday.

Mr. Mark McClure, of Leitchfield, was a pleasant caller yesterday.

Miss Lena Carson gave a pleasant social at the Hartford House last Friday night.

For SALE—A fine young horse, cheap for cash. Apply to S. A. ANDERSON, Hartford, Ky.

Mr. L. M. Render, who has been sick for some time with typhoid fever, is improving.

A Masonic lecture and supper will be given at Rockport to-morrow night for the benefit of the Lodge at that place.

Misses Lydia and Bertie Morton are a few friends last Saturday night. Refreshments were served and all enjoyed the occasion.

J. D. Chapuan, after successfully conducting a restaurant at Chicago during the World's Fair, is spending a few weeks visiting friends here and at Bedia.

Mr. Cicero Burton, who for the past several years has lived at the far end of the levy, north of town, has taken charge of Rowan Holbrook farm, just below town and will move his family there in a few days.

The merchant who refuses to advertise has plenty of time to sit around and cry hard-times. Just watch the stores and see who is getting the trade. The people are reading the papers and don't you forget it. Trade with our advertisers.

Any one would know from the unusual broad smile Bob Crowe wears that something has happened to make him uncommonly glad. Well the truth is a daughter made her appearance at his home Sunday, Dec. the 3d, weight, 10 1/2 pounds and Bob is the happiest papa in town.

The large ax handle factory of Turner, Day & Woodworth Manufacturing Co., at Horse Branch, began operation last Friday at noon. Mr. W. L. Graves, the young timberman, is the manager and the factory adds greatly to the business of the town. Horse Branch begins to put on the appearance of a manufacturing point, and it bids fair to become in a few years one of the best towns in the country.

Messrs. Shelby Taylor, of Beaver Dam, and W. H. Barnes, of this place, were admitted to the bar here at the last term of court. Mr. Taylor is a splendid young man, and is very popular, having been in the mercantile business at Beaver Dam for several years. He is now attending law school in Louisville. Mr. Barnes is a successful teacher of the county, graduating at Hartford College a few years ago, where he won the prize in the Oratorical Contest. We wish them much success.

Oysters served at all hours day or night, at Hall's stand. Remember the place, opposite the Hartford House.

A large stock of STAPLE and FANCY groceries, wholesale and retail, constantly on hand, at W. H. Williams'.

W. H. Williams' is headquarters for NICE NEW HOMINY CURRANTS, DRIED APPLES, PEACHES, raisins, figs, dates & etc.

The new Pension Board was organized Wednesday with Dr. J. J. Mitchell, President; Dr. A. B. Baird, Secretary; Dr. J. D. Maddox, Treasurer. These are excellent gentlemen and will give satisfaction.

Notion Department.

We have over 50 dozen handkerchiefs for the Holiday trade—all the newest and latest patterns. Silk handkerchiefs in Brocade and Plain, prices running from 25c to 75c each. Ladies fine Mull and Bordered handkerchiefs 5c each. Very fine Mull handkerchiefs 8 1/2c. Ladies pure linen initial handkerchiefs 12 1/2c. Men's fine gingham bordered handkerchiefs 5c each. Men's pure linen cambric handkerchiefs 4 for 25c, extra quality. Ladies pure linen handkerchiefs 25c to 50c. Latest novelties in headrest, fancy table scarfs, chemise table covers, fancy embroidered goods, all kinds. Rope silk, fancy balls, embroidery, silks, ice wool, satines, all haberdashery for fancy work.

Staple Department.

A present selected from our staple line will be one by which you can be remembered a long time. We can show you a line of dark prints in patterns only, at 6 1/2c per yard. Also, a beautiful line of dark prints at 5c. Handsome line of turkey red prints, at 6c. Pure American Indigo's, 6c. Extra fine Damask, 25c. Very best quality of Damask, 50c. Fine line of napkins, 50c, 75c and \$1. per dozen. Pure Linen towels, 25c, 50c, 75c and \$1. per pair. Extra line of flannels, at 15c, 20c, 25c and 30c per yard. Dress flannels, all wool, 25c. Dress, all grades and of the latest values, 10c to \$1.50 per yard. Very fine line of gingham, from 50c to 12 1/2c per yard. These and many others are suitable Xmas presents. Visit us for them.

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We have over 50 dozen handkerchiefs for

Hartford Republican

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1893.

THE BICYCLE GIRL.

The bicycle girl is tall and round, Her cheeks are red, her hair is browned, Her eyes are bright with health, In her modest gown of navy blue, She gets all the admiration due. To a woman's greatest wealth. Her flesh is firm and her muscles strong, Her bones are well, well beyond the possible of others to find. As she glides along on her silent wheel All men admire, for all men feel That her vigor is sublime.

Then shall to the bicycle girl, and long May she live and grow more strong, As a woman ought to be. Till then, let us all also try With her in her health and her strength to live. And get them bicycles too. —Toronto Mail.

GOODBY.

The two friends had finished their dinner. From the windows of the cafe they overlooked the boulevard, which at this hour was crowded with people. The soft breeze that swept through the streets of Paris on warm summer nights fanned their cheeks, inviting them to go down among the trees, somewhere, at a place, to dream of moonlit straws, in-spirited poems and chanting nightingales.

One of them, Henri Simon, said to his companion, with a profane sigh:

"I feel that I am growing old, my friend. On such a night as this in days gone by I was keenly alive to the pleasure of existence. Tonight I have nothing but regrets. Life is short at best."

He was a man about 45 years old, a little stout and quite bald.

The other, Pierre Carnier, not his senior in appearance by any means, but more slender and vivacious, replied:

"I, my friend, have grown old without noticing it. I was always gay and jolly, vigorous and all that. For, when one looks at himself in the glass every day in the year, the ravages of age are not apparent. They are slow and regular and work such gradual changes that the transition is not noticeable. We can hardly perceive it. To see it plainly, one should not look into a mirror for six months at least, and then—ah, what a shock!"

"And the women, old fellow—how I pity them! All their happiness, their power, their life, is in their beauty, and that lasts but 10 years at best."

"As for myself, I grew old without suspecting it! I thought myself still young when I was near 50 years of age. Free from infirmities of any kind, I was living in a happy, contented condition. But the period of my decline came upon me in such a simple yet startling manner that I felt the effects of the shock six months afterward. Then I accepted my fate gracefully."

"I have often been in love, like all men, but once in my life I was quite hard hit."

"I met her at the seashore—Ettretat, about 12 years ago, not long after the war. There is nothing more delightful than that beach in early morning of the bathing hour. It is not very extensive, is curved like a horseshoe and enclosed by tall, white cliffs, pierced with singular holes called 'The Gates.' One of these cliffs is enormous and stretches its gigantic length to the water's edge. The other is round and flat. The women swarm over this narrow strip, with its pebbled walks, and transform it into a brilliant garden of summer toilets with walls of rock. The sun shines full upon the coast, over parapets of every imaginable color, and over the sea of topaz blue. It is a jolly picture, enchanting to the eye. Close by the water's edge the people lounge in the sand, watching the bathers as they come tripping down in their flannel bath robes, which they discard with a pretty movement as soon as the white fringed waves play around their feet. Then they run in with swift little steps, while the water sends thrills of a delicious chill through their veins."

"Few women are made to endure the cruellest test of the bath. Their figure stands revealed from neck to throat. As they emerge from the embrace of the briny waters, either their shortcomings are revealed to the eye or the rounded contours of former limb are enhanced by the clinging, dripping gauze. The

"The first time I met her, a young woman of whom I have spoken I was carried away by her charms. Few women possess the beauty of form that is startling and overpowering at the first glance; that seems to a man as if he had suddenly met the creature he was born to love. I experienced that sensation and that shock."

"I was introduced to her and was more deeply smitten than ever in my life. She made me her slave, and it was both terrible and delicious to submit thus to the reign of a woman. It is torture and indescribable felicity at once. Her look, her smile, the little tendrils of hair round her neck ruffled by the breeze, every line in her face, her slightest movement, captivated my senses and enshaded me to distraction. She took complete possession of me. It grieved me to see her lying on a chair or her gloves thrown carelessly on the sofa. Her toilette seemed matchless in my eyes, and no other woman had ever worn hats more becoming than hers."

"She was married. Her husband came every Saturday and departed again on Monday. I was not in the least concerned about him; nor jealous of his relation to her. No being creature ever seemed of less consequence to me than this man."

"Ah, how I loved her—she who was so gay, so pretty and so graceful! She was youthful, vivacious and freshness personified. I never felt more keenly than I did then that a woman is a sweet, lovely and delicate being made of charms and graces. Never before had I discovered the beauty that lay in the rounded contour of a cheek, the movement of a lip, the curves and creases of a little ear, the shape even of that stupid feature, the nose."

"This lasted three months, when I was enticed to America, whither I went with a crushed heart. Every evening from her I was her slave still. Years went by. I did not forget her. Her charms were constantly before my eyes and in my heart. I cherished her memory with a tenderness that had grown calm, and I loved her as one loves a dream of a most beautiful and enchanting thing."

"Twelve years do not mean much in the life of a man. They pass almost unnoticed. One follows upon the other, slowly yet swiftly. Each is long, yet soon at an end. Although they multiply rapidly, they leave few traces behind and vanish so completely that when one looks back upon them, there is nothing left to remind us of their flight, and age creeps on without warning."

"It seemed to me that only a few years separated me from that delightful season on the beach at Ettretat."

"One day last spring I went to dine with friends at Maisons-Laffite. Just as the train was about to start a portly matron entered the coach I occupied accompanied by four little girls. I could not help looking curiously at this large, rotund, motherly creature, whose face was like the full moon under a beribboned hat. She puffed and panted from the exertion of her hurried walk. The children began to babble, and I unfolded my newspaper and commenced to read."

AS WE PASSED ASIENNE my neighbor suddenly accused me:

"I beg your pardon, sir. Are you not M. Carnier?"

"Yes, madame." She laughed with the contented laugh of a cheerful woman, but there was just a tinge of sadness in her voice.

"Do you not recognize me?"

"I had seen her face before, but I could not tell when and where." I answered.

"Yes, madame, now I certainly know you, but I cannot find your name. She blushed a little."

"Mine, Julie Lefevre."

"I was startled out of my wits. For a moment the earth seemed to reel around me, and a veil was rudely torn from my eyes which made me see things with terrible, heartrending clearness."

"It was she! This stout, comon woman, the mother of these four girls! I eyed the little creatures with as much astonishment as did their mother. They had followed her; they had taken their places in life, already half women, and she counted for nothing—she, who had once been such a marvel of delicate and courtly charms!

"It seemed to me that I had known her but yesterday, and to find her thus again! It was impossible! A violent pang wrung my heart. I rebuked aghast nature and her brutal, infamous work of destruction! I looked at her with frightened eyes. When I took her hand in mine, tears dimmed my vision. I wept for her youth; I wept for her death. This stout woman was a stranger to me.

"She, too, was touched, and she faltered: 'I am much changed, I know, but it is only natural. I am a mother now—not but a mother—a good mother. Farewell to everything else that is passed. I did not think that you would recognize me or that we should ever meet again. You yourself are not as you used to be. It took me some time to decide whether I was mistaken in my surmise. Your hair has grown quite gray. I think of it—12 years is a long time. My eldest daughter is nearly 10 years old.'

"I looked at the child and discovered in her some of the old charms of her mother, undefinable as yet, yet formed and in the bud, and life seemed to me nothing more than a rapidly passing train. We arrived at Maisons-Laffite. I kissed my old friend and parted from her with a few trivial phrases. I was too deeply moved to speak.

"In the evening when I was alone I examined my face a long time in the mirror and ended by recalling to my mind the picture of myself as I had been in bygone days, with brown, immature and black hair and a young, fresh face. But now, I was old. Farewell!"—Guy de Maupassant.

THE WORLD'S OPINION.

[PHILADELPHIA TIMES.]

There is never a time in a woman's life when she can afford to turn her back upon public opinion. Just as soon as she says: "I don't care what the world thinks," just that soon the world has no use for her, and though at the time such may seem a glorious independent mode of living, there will come a day when she will regret the step which at first seemed so courageous.

Conventionality and the proprieties of social life are the props of a woman's existence, and once she knocks these aside she will find that her mistake has been one that cannot be retrieved. We may know in our hearts that we are doing right, but the world is so censorious that unless we comply with certain fixed rules laid down by it we might just as well commit the actual as well as the implied sin.

Moreover we are largely independent. The mainstay of to-day may tomorrow need itself a support, either in word or deed, and when we consider ourselves the strongest then is the moment when we are trembling upon the verge of a fatal error. To young girls we say with all a mother's interest—guard against the very appearance of setting the world's opinion at defiance, and to these older sisters who sometimes think that they can set up their judgment in opposition to the opinion of the social world in which they move, we say that it is as important for them to be circumspect now as in the days before they became mothers.

Ruth and John.

[MAGGIE MAY JAMES IN COMMERCIAL.]

Two long years had he been gone. No word, no sign that he was living. Had ever reached his only sister. Passing through the hall one evening just at dusk, she brushed against a man who caught and held her in a close embrace, whispering softly:

"Don't you know me, Esther? I am John."

Then there was much rejoicing in the household. His return was published throughout the land and a great feast was spread in honor of the traveler.

Now Esther had a dearly beloved friend much younger than herself, to whom she had told many incidents in John's life. So to the feast she was invited to meet the young explorer.

The night of the fete rolled around at last, and Ruth, in all the joy of happy girlhood, was looking her best in a gown of delicate blue. Rich lace lay round her neck and wrists, white roses nestled in her belt, while from the masses of her soft, bright hair one tiny bud peeped coyly. More gorgeous and richer dressed rustled there that night, but none were prettier or sweater than Ruth's, and many were the admiring eyes that followed her up the long room to where the hostess and her brother were receiving.

"Esther!" whispered John as she drew near, "tell me who this is?"

Her sister could reply she stood before them, speaking in a friendly fashion to Esther of her brother's safe return.

Thus they met, John Goodwin and Ruth Ingalls, and, as a pair of bright gray eyes looked laughingly into his, John felt a strange heart throb and then he knew that he was conquered. Conquered by a pair of merry eyes, a sweet face shaded by red-brown hair, a little, graceful form that passed him daintily in a soft blue gown.

Wealthy, well-born and intelligent, John had never found a woman he could love until this evening; then as such men do—he loved with a strong, sudden passion that thrilled his whole being.

And Ruth?

Had those dark brown eyes, that pleasant, earnest face made no impression on the fair young maiden?

Who so wise that he can read the thoughts that flutter through the young girl's heart?

She was seated in a low chair, carelessly toying with a fan, smiling brightly on the gentlemen hovering round her. Once, glancing quickly

CASAHIANA CLEVELAND.

[H. F. RUSSELL IN N. Y. PRESS.]

Grover stood on the Free-Trade deck. Whence all but him had fled; His silver bill around his neck. And vetoes in his head:

Not beautiful, he stubborn stood, And sought to rule the storm; A creature of the Mugwump blood, Though Democrat in form.

His party called, he would not go Without the Mugwump's word, The winds through Peffer's whiskers blow, But Grover never heard.

He called aloud, "Say Gresham, say, I yet my task be done— Protection have we busted up, Free-Trade for England won?"

"Spuck, Cockrell!" once again he cried Oh, let me hear from Vest." And Alford declared, "The way's divide" And he was going West.

Champ Clark was writing up a speech About that "Western man," And Alford was prepared to teach The new marchion plan.

Maynard was studying how to steal For Hill another place; New Jersey Democrats appeal For winter gambling race.

Lochner was busy writing names Of pensioners refused, And Bissell playing at the games Of postmasters abused.

Gresham was working at his best, A project low and mean, To crush republicans in the West And set a negro queen.

Olcay was busy to his eyes, And though the party "burst," He thought it suited to his size To help another trust.

The "Tiger" in his New York lair Was up to other fun: The hawks and hawks well must fare Said Dana and his Sun.

The Bay State Democrats appeared To be in awful need, The logic of events they feared, And that of Thomas Reed.

While from Iowa came a cry, A sad, heart-breaking noise, "Come up and help us ere we die, Or Jackson'll wallop Boise."

The unemployed on every hand Were crying, "Give us bread; Yet Free-Trade talk has wrecked the land And kill'd industry dead."

On Grover's brow he felt their breath, But on the Free-Trade deck He knew not lurked his party's death And set his stubborn neck.

He shouted but once more aloud, "Look at the Great I am, Free-Trade or bust shall be my shroud McKinley is a clam!"

The ballots soon were flying wild Protection's tide was high, The ballot boxes soon were piled, "Down with Free-Trade!" the cry.

There came a burst of thunder sound, A loud Protection peal, McKinley bombs were flying round, And killed poor Larry Neal.

Boise, Maynard, Russell, where are they?

And Cleveland, where is he? Ask of the winds that far away With fragments strewed the sea.

With tigers, cranks and brigadiers, The Free-Trade college died, And Grover at the last appears, In innocuous desuetude.

—Ruth and John.

[BASIL W. DUKE, IN SOUTHERN MAGAZINE FOR DECEMBER.]

Two long years had he been gone. No word, no sign that he was living. Had ever reached his only sister. Passing through the hall one evening just at dusk, she brushed against a man who caught and held her in a close embrace, whispering softly:

"Good-bye, John; you'll know in heaven, dear."

So her gentle spirit left the pain-racked body. All that was mortal of the once fair Ruth they placed under the guardian shade of the old oak tree.

Long years have passed; the children of the village have grown accustomed to see the old, white-haired man sitting by the lonely grave.

—Ruth and John.

[BASIL W. DUKE, IN SOUTHERN MAGAZINE FOR DECEMBER.]

We have reason to hope that we have progressed nearly if not entirely beyond the region of doubtful and disputed constitutional construction; we may presume with some degree of confidence that the questions which shall in the future be submitted for determination will be questions of expediency purely, and it is scarcely possible, therefore, to imagine a situation which will furnish an excuse for simple, unqualified legislative obstruction.

If this be true, the Senate, like the House must submit to some conclusive restriction of debate, and may as well at once adopt and observe rules which will permit all questions to be considered and decided with no more than a reasonable amount of discussion.

In one aspect this compulsory popular opinion requiring so august a body to attend to business will involve consequences which, to those who deplore any interference with established customs, may seem very sad—it will largely hinder the complete exercise of "senatorial courtesy."

All reforms, however, must be attended with some sacrifices; and it is highly probable that if senators will be a little more considerate of the public patience, the public will patiently endure some diminution of consideration they have been accustomed to show each other.

—Ruth and John.

[BASIL W. DUKE, IN SOUTHERN MAGAZINE FOR DECEMBER.]

Thus they met, John Goodwin and Ruth Ingalls, and, as a pair of bright gray eyes looked laughingly into his, John felt a strange heart throb and then he knew that he was conquered. Conquered by a pair of merry eyes, a sweet face shaded by red-brown hair, a little, graceful form that passed him daintily in a soft blue gown.

Wealthy, well-born and intelligent, John had never found a woman he could love until this evening; then as such men do—he loved with a strong, sudden passion that thrilled his whole being.

And Ruth?

Had those dark brown eyes, that pleasant, earnest face made no impression on the fair young maiden?

Who so wise that he can read the thoughts that flutter through the young girl's heart?

She was seated in a low chair, carelessly toying with a fan, smiling brightly on the gentlemen hovering round her. Once, glancing quickly

up, she caught John's eyes bent steadily upon her. Perhaps they showed his feelings all too plainly, for rosy red spread over her face and brow, and rising hurriedly she said:

"It is very warm in here, will some one take me to a cool place, please?"

All were eager to honor, but John was first. So, with a nod and a smile to those she left, Ruth walked out into the cool, sweet air, leaning on John's arm.

up, she caught John's eyes bent steadily upon her. Perhaps they showed his feelings all too plainly, for rosy red spread over her face and brow, and rising hurriedly she said:

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